

Don't Let The Light Go Out!

It every Christian who trims his lamp and keeps the oil of grace up to its full supply is such a benefactor to others, what a terrible thing it is for a Christian to let his light go out! A traveler who once visited a light-house in the British Channel, said to the keeper: "But what if your lights should go out at night?" "Never," said the keeper, "never—impossible. Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night my burner were out, in a few days I might hear from France or Spain, or from Scotland or America, that on such a night the light-house in the Channel gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah! Sir, I sometimes feel, when I look at my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed upon me. Go out! Burn dim!—never, Sir, never!"

How closely this incident comes home to us all. Perhaps in eternity I may hear that some precious soul was wrecked because my pulpit was not a faithful light-holder to my congregation. Some Gospel-burners were neglected and grew dim. One man, perhaps, stumbled into a drunkard's grave, because I did not warn him soon enough against the perils of the first glass. Another broke God's Sabbath for want of keeping the fourth commandment trimmed and burning. Before another was not held up the lamp of the world, may not have been sent forth a light to wandering sinners. "Go out—burn dim!" God help me to say "NEVER—NEVER!"

I know of certain household in which I fear the lamp is out. That boy would not be seen so often on his way to the theater, or the drinking saloon, if father and mother held up the torch of loving warning! That giddy daughter, who was once thoughtful about her soul might now be a Christian, if there had been a light holder near at hand to guide her to Jesus. There was a lamp of profession in the house. It did not shine. The oil was out. Love of the world had extinguished it. The dark lantern left the house in midnight.

Thank God some lights never go out. Death cannot quench them. They shine forever. Luther's great lantern, "The just shall live by faith," still gleams from Wartburg Castle. John Bunyan's lamp twinkles through the gratings of Bedford Jail. Pastors, parents, teachers may be called home to heaven; but, like the good mother of the story, they "set a light in the window" to the mansions of glory.

"Madam" said a very polite traveler to a "tasty old landlady, "if I see you to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've struck the wrong house! There aint the first hair in it, for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over."

The Louisville Journal was told an anecdote of an officer recently which is worth preserving. The gentleman is a violent Republican, and both before and since going into the army has opposed with all the zeal and ability of which he is possessed, the Crittenden Compromise. At the battle of Chickamauga, when our routed wing was falling back in great disorder, and the masses of the enemy pushing forward with a shower of shell, grape, canister and musketry, this gentleman, who was in the midst of this deadly torrent, and who stutters somewhat in his speech, turned to a fellow soldier and said: "G-g-george, if g-g-governor Crittenden were to r-r-rise up now f-f-from his grave, and offer me the C-e-c-crittenden com-compromise, by —— I would take it!"

ESSAY ON DOGS.—Josh Billings favors the world with a brief essay on dogs. "Dogs in the lump," says Joshua, "are useful, but they are not always profitable. The Newfoundland dog is useful to save children from drowning, but you have got to have a pond or water, and children running around carefree, or else the dog aint profitable. There aint nothing made boarding a Newfoundland dog. Rat terriers are useful to catch rats, but the rats aint profitable after you have katched them. The shepherd dog is useful to drive sheep, but if you havent got tew buy a flock or sheep, and pay more than they are worth, just to keep the dog busy, the dog aint profitable, not much. Lap dogs are very useful, but if you don't hold them in your lap awl the time, they aint profitable at awl. The coach dog is one of the most useless of dogs i know o'w, but you havent got tew hav a coach (and that aint always pleasant) or you kaint realize from the dog. Thus we see that while dogs are generally useful, there are times when they aint generally profitable.

A deserter from the Union Army lately visited Kingsville, Canada, fell in love with a girl there and married her. He sent to Detroit to buy clothes, she wrote to him to come and chose for himself which he unsuspectingly did, and was given up as a deserter by his charmer, who also received the \$30 reward without a murmur, and went back home.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Aruckle late of the County of Shelby and State of Indiana, deceased, that by virtue of an order granted to him at the March Term 1864, of the Common Pleas Court of Indiana to sell at private sale, for cash—Fifty acres on the south west corner of the west half of the south west quarter of section six [6] in Township fourteen [14] north of range six [6] east situated in Shelby county, the same being held and owned by said James Aruckle, and his wife, Elizabeth Aruckle, widow of the said James Aruckle, and his wife, Elizabeth Aruckle widow of said deceased, and to said

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FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

Dear what the Philadelphia correspondent in the
Commonwealth, Wilmington, Delaware, vth of April,
1860.

An English gentleman, formerly connected with the
British Army, and who styles himself the "English Botanic
Physician," has of late gained an extensive
reputation for his skill in the cure of various diseases.
Some time ago he came to our city, and there
pronounced his remedies and mode of treatment as very
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